Like A Broken Clock

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Like A Broken Clock

by Quasi_Detective

Summary

"I was curious." An alternate take on the ending of season two.

Well, That Was Reckless

Hannibal Lecter paced the floor in his office as quietly as he could. He had a dinner to serve back at home in half an hour which he had not yet even prepared, and despite knowing how rude it would be to cancel on such short notice, he found himself stuck here in his office.

The reason for this: on the chair he regularly sat on during their "conversations", as Hannibal called them, was Will Graham. Beside the chair was a smashed glass of wine, its contents seeping into the hardwood floors.

Hannibal had never been one for drugging people, for fear of spoiling their meat, but he knew he probably wasn't going to *physically* consume Will for a long time, and for some reason, he felt like seeing what would happen if he knocked the mentally unstable potential FBI agent out.

He guessed that he was just *curious*. Will Graham *was* rather enigmatic to him.

It was sort of like a case of "*I'll show you mine if you show me yours.*" Hannibal would study Will, and Will would study Hannibal.

"*Mmn*," Will grumbled in his sleep, as if detestfully sensing Hannibal's eyes staring at him, and turned over to curl up a little bit on the chair.
This grumble snapped Hannibal out of his trance (that and the sight of Will's shoes pressing into the chair's leather cushioning), and the psychologist tried to think about what to do.

He had to share a dinner with Jack Crawford in less than 15 minutes.

Hannibal crouched down in front of Will and started gently shaking his shoulder.

"Will," He said in a gentle tone in case his patient was having a peaceful sleep for once, "Will, wake up."

"*Nn...*"

"Will?"

"*Abi... chmh...*"

"*Will*." Hannibal began softly smacking Will's cheek.

Will only made another tired noise of slight distress at the idea of waking up, so Hannibal glanced at his watch and began calculating a plan.

Would he have time to get everything ready? He almost wished that his watch would turn into one of the clocks that Will had drawn a while back, that way he wouldn't be able to tell what time it was and wouldn't have to worry.

Whether he had time or not, he figured he had to try, lest he be *rude*.

With a brief sigh out of vague concern, Hannibal stood and leaned over Will. The younger man still smelled of that godawful aftershave.

The psychologist grabbed his patient's arms and wrapped them around his own neck, draping them over his shoulders as he straightened himself out a bit to prevent them from simply slipping off. Then he wrapped his hands around the underside of Will's thighs and lift his legs to his own hips.

God, what on earth was he even *doing*? Why not just pick him up bridal style?

That idea had crossed Hannibal's mind, but he decided it would be easier to carry Will this way. Plus, if anyone were watching from afar, it would look a little less like he was carrying a person than perhaps a bag that looked *strangely human-like*.

With Will's cheek against his own, Hannibal was nearly overpowered by the smell of the rancid aftershave, but it was almost as if it was becoming pleasing to his senses. The smell represented Will. He *liked* Will. Thus, he presumed that, by association, he *must like* the smell.
He almost felt as if the world had stopped; everything was frozen, no, there was *nothing*.

Nothing but him and Will, *nothing* but this moment and their friendship.

Following Will's words while in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, a million years *must* have passed, for Hannibal was certain that in this moment, the light of friendship was *definitely* reaching them.

He was wasting time. He had ten minutes now to prepare for Jack Crawford.

Again, he prayed in vain for time to become like one of Will's clocks.

Preparations

Chapter Summary

Hannibal serves dinner for Jack, and Will wakes up.

Sixteen minutes later, Hannibal Lecter sat across from Jack Crawford.
Dinner was served.

Luckily for Hannibal, Jack had arrived late due to his wife. He supposed it was good that he had brought Mrs. "*Bella*" back to life after all.

"Honestly," Jack was saying, "I don't know who's pursuing who anymore than these *fish* do."

Hannibal stared at the FBI Agent for a moment before he spoke, allowing the potential meaning behind that comment sink in first. "Well, whoever is pursuing who, I'm going to eat him." He followed this statement up with a smirk, and the two of them shared a laugh before sinking into an awkward silence.

Jack was having doubts about him, he knew that.

"So... How is your wife, Jack?"

Jack sighed and took a swig of his white wine. "She's doing as well as she can at this point, I guess. I still can't thank you enough for saving her, though. The thought of losing her without at least being able to say *goodbye* is..." He shook his head, "Well, *frightening*, to say the least."

Hannibal nodded solemnly as he brought his glass up to his nose and smelled the wine.

"How is Will doing?"

The sudden change of subject made Hannibal pause with the glass to his lips. Silently, he placed the glass down.

"Will is staying just as reserved as he's ever been, but I am managing to read him through the walls he's built to keep me out." He answered.

"So he's built walls to keep you out. Is there any way to *remove* those walls, or at the very least, *scale* them?"

Hannibal looked up and stared Jack right in the eyes as he continued, as to show his seriousness. "It is possible to scale them for a time with the risk of making more, but to remove them completely, Will will need to fully trust me."

"Will he?" Jack asked as he took another sip of wine.

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

Right at that moment, a floorboard creaked loudly upstairs, gaining the attention of both people at the table.

Jack pointed at the ceiling. "... Is there someone upstairs?"

Hannibal stood up. "I'll go check."

"I'll go with you-"

"No, stay here, Jack. You are my guest; I can't ask you to do this. If there is a problem, I will take care of it."

"Well... I'll *wait* for you, then." If Jack hadn't been using a tone full of clear distrust before, then he certainly was now.

Willing to risk the chance of Jack exploring a little too deeply, Hannibal left the dining room and headed for the stairs.

He had to quiet Will.

Will Graham awoke rather calmly, all things considered. He felt lethargic and out of it, but found that he had not soaked himself in sweat as per norm.

In noticing that, he noticed that he was done up in a suit.

That didn't make sense. He'd *never* sleep in a *suit*. What had happened?

He racked his tired brain and quickly realized the last thing he remembered was sitting across from Hannibal Lecter, in the same suit he wore now, talking and drinking wine. Then he remembered getting kind of dizzy...

"He *drugged* me." Will mumbled this realization to himself as he sat up only to find he was not in his own bedroom. He looked around and gradually pieced together where he was. "Did he... bring me to *his* bedroom...?"

When he stood up from the bed, he found that he was still rather dizzy. He felt ill, and his head hurt, too. He reached into his pocket for the aspirin he always carried around, but found that it was gone and cursed to himself silently.
Turning around, he ended up laying his eyes upon the bedside table; on it was his bottle of aspirin, two of the pills beside the bottle, and a glass of water.

The mere sight of this little "*gift*" Hannibal had left him almost made him laugh out loud for some reason. Perhaps because Will wasn't stupid enough to trust it, at least, not after being drugged *just*...

He then realized that he didn't know what time it was, so he looked at his watch.

Which had stalled.

Figures.

Will didn't know what to make of the fact that Hannibal wasn't in the room. It could mean several things; Hannibal was *out*, Hannibal was *cooking*, Hannibal was *going to kill him but first toy with him*, Hannibal was *playing hide and seek*, Hannibal was *taking a leak or something*, Hannibal was *coming back into the room*...
Whether he should leave the room armed or not, or even leave the room *at all*, was a question that was making his head spin.

He figured it was better to be safe than sorry and found that Hannibal might have taken his aspirin, but had *not* taken his gun. Either he was stupid or just confident that Will wouldn't riddle him with holes like Garrett Jacob Hobbs.

As quietly as he could, he opened the bedroom door, still prepared to shoot. He cautiously stepped out into the hallway, briefly taking in his surroundings, as he'd never been upstairs in Hannibal's house until this moment.

His main concern at this moment was whether or not his aim would even be steady enough if Hannibal charged at him. His arms were shaking and his head was spinning...

Creeeeak.

Will froze.

He hadn't been paying attention, and because of that, he happened to step on what happened to sound like the *loudest fucking floorboard on the planet*. He almost wondered if Abigail Hobbs could hear it, wherever her soul had gone.

"Fuck," Will cursed under his breath and pulled his foot back off of the board, to which it groaned again. "*Fuck*."

With quiet yet bounding steps, Will rushed back to the bedroom. Would it be *foolish* to try playing it off as if he had never left the room?

'*Yes,*' He decided in his head, yet he found himself carefully closing the door and basically jumping onto the bed anyway. He pulled the cover over himself, curled up into a fetal position on his side, and held the gun at the ready against his chest, the barrel to his own chin.

He was ready. He was *waiting*.

To Stay or to Go?

Chapter Summary

Will joins Hannibal and Jack at the dinner table.

When Hannibal Lecter got upstairs, he found that the bedroom door was closed, but he could still smell, however faintly, that Will Graham had very recently been standing where he stood. Following the smell with his amazing nose, he entered the bedroom.

"Will," He said casually as he approached the bed. "I know you're awake. You don't sleep in the full fetal position."

Under the covers, Will found himself trembling. However, he wasn't trembling entirely from fear... He was trembling more out of anticipation. He could kill Hannibal Lecter. Right there. Right then. *Bang*.

"Get up, Will."

Will found his plan at a bit of a standstill. His plan had relied on Hannibal ripping the covers away, but he realized it wasn't like Hannibal to do something like that. "Pull the covers off, and maybe I will."

"Why would I do that?"

Goddamned smug asshole and his questions.

Will tried again. "Just *do it*."

Hannibal stood up straight, staring down at the quivering bundle underneath the covers. He decided to comply, and upon ripping the covers to the side, Will sat up and pointed a gun at him.

"Why am I here?" He asked.

"You look pale, Will. Are you feeling well?"

"*Answer* the goddamned *question*!" Will nearly cringed at the tone of panic that had come out with that demand.

"You fell asleep near the end of our session. I brought you here because I had to serve dinner for Jack tonight. I apologize; this was simply for my convenience, and if it serves to make up for this somehow, I was going to take you back home after Jack left."

"Is Jack still here?"

"Yes, actually. If you would like, you can come downstairs and eat with us."

After Hannibal cryptically explained why Will had been upstairs, Jack shot his friend a questioning glance. The response he got from Will was a blank stare, so he quickly averted his eyes and simply acted casual for the rest of the meal.

Hannibal, after the meal was finished, kept glancing over at Will, who had neither said nor ate anything. He simply just stared darkly at the spot across from himself; the spot beside Hannibal.
"Is something the matter, Will?"

Hearing his name, Will looked over at him. "Hm? Uh, no, I just..." He shook his head and gave one last long glance to the space where Garrett Jacob Hobbs sat. "I'm fine."

"Well, thank you for the meal, Dr. Lecter. I think I should be going now." Jack said as he stood up. "I could drive Will back home if that's okay."

Hannibal looked at Will, expecting him to answer whether or not he wanted to go.

When he missed the cue, Hannibal spoke up for him. "Actually, I think he should stay here tonight where I can keep an eye on him." Despite the sharp, startled glare that Will gave him, he continued. "He clearly is not feeling well and might require assistance during the night."

"I can take care of myself." Will argued.

"Yes, Dr. Lecter... I think he should be staying at his house if he isn't comfortable here." Jack added, mainly because he worried that Will would attempt to kill Hannibal just to get away.

Though there was clear disappointment in his eyes, Hannibal decided not to argue. "Only if it's not too much trouble for you, Jack."

"Oh, it's no trouble at all. Come on, Will."

Will stood up and left with Jack, leaving Hannibal alone in the dining room with dishes to clean.

Good Morning, Will Graham

Chapter Summary

Hannibal visits Will's house in the early hours of the morning.

Will Graham was awoken in the middle of the night by his dogs' barking as Hannibal Lecter welcomed himself inside.

"Can't you just leave me alone?" He asked in a groggy voice.

"I'm sorry, Will, did I wake you?"

"No, my *dogs* did that *for you*."

"Well, that's good. I would have hated to have disturbed your sleep myself."

Will rolled his eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Draw me a clock, Will."

"... *What*?"

"I want you to draw me a clock."

"..." For a moment, Will found himself speechless. "... You came all the way out here at this hour just to ask me to *draw a clock again*?"

"Yes." Hannibal replied bluntly.

"You are one *strange* psychologist, Dr. Lecter. Fine. Give me a pen and paper."

As if he were prepared fully for that answer, Hannibal handed him a notebook and a pen.

All the while wondering whether or not this was really happening, Will drew a clock and handed the notebook back. When Hannibal examined it for a long moment, he snarkily said, "What, is it still a victim of *spatial distortion*, *Doctor*?"

"No."

"Then why are you staring at it so intently?"

Hannibal made eye contact with his patient and smiled, closing the notebook. Will only stared back at him, blinking with a frown.

"You look scared, Will."

"I'm not scared."

"Then what are you?"

Will said nothing, noticing that Hannibal was slowly getting closer, an arm hiding something behind his back.

"Are you nervous?"

"I'm..."

Hannibal leaned over the bed, raising a knee up onto it to continue getting closer, and Will realized he was as far back away from Hannibal as he could get.

"*You're*...?"

"... *I*..."

Hannibal dropped the notebook, and it landed on the floor with a loud slapping noise.

Will jumped a little.

Hannibal then made his move, before Will had time to fully react to the noise.

When Hannibal's lips locked with his, Will had some sort of delay. He wanted to shove this psychopath away, but found himself petrified. To restore his sense of control, he tried to think this through.

It was the early morning hours in Wolf Trap, Virginia. Dr. Hannibal Lecter had welcomed himself into his house only to ask him to draw a clock. Upon drawing that clock for him, Hannibal stared at it, smiled, questioned him, and was now *kissing* him.

Will couldn't make any sense of it, and that realization was ripping him apart.

Hannibal broke the kiss and put his hands on Will's cheeks, revealing that he had, in fact, been holding *nothing* behind his back. His eyes exactly parallel to Will's, he spoke in a hushed voice.

"You *what*?"

Will didn't know what to say, yet his lips started to move on their own.

"... *I'm... anxious*..."

"Why are you *anxious*, Will?"

This was dangerous.
Will tried to shake his head clear, but he knew it was already too late; he was beginning to fall under Hannibal's influence once more. "... *'cause*..."

Another smile spread across Hannibal's lips. "Are you *anxious* because of *me*?"

"Sort of..."

"Tell me more."

"... Get *out* of my *head*, Dr. Lecter..."

"Why should I, when you've been all I ever think about?"

"Don't *lie* to me..."

"I agreed that I would never lie to you again, Will. I wouldn't go against my promise to you."

Will shut his eyes. He hoped to open them and wake up alone and drenched in sweat as he usually was when he woke up from nightmares. But instead, he opened them to see that Hannibal was still staring at him, examining every inch of his face and his messy brown hair with a hungry look in his eyes.

"Tell me, Will... Does your surname give any sort of hint as to how you taste?" When he said *taste*, he took vague pleasure out of the way that Will shivered in response.

"Let go of me, Hannibal..."

Hannibal obeyed, now simply sitting on the bed in front of his prey.

"Why are you *really* here?" Will asked slowly.

"I mustn't say just yet, Will."

"Then when *will* you say it?"

"When we're away from all of this. When we're free."

"You say that like it's a certainty..."

Hannibal ran his fingers through Will's hair as he replied casually, "It is."

Then, when Hannibal was just expecting silence, Will muttered, "What about Alana?"

"... What about her?"

"What is she to you?"

Hannibal thought for a moment. "I was curious," was his answer.

Will, looking down at the covers over himself; the space between himself and Hannibal, grinned madly, and chuckled a little.

"Will?"

"Everything you do... It's just because you're *curious*, isn't it?"

Hannibal didn't answer, and instead kissed Will again, which Will didn't return nor resist. He wasn't thinking clearly anymore, if he ever had been, but he wasn't entirely sure if he cared anymore.

"May I taste you, Will *Graham*?"

"Do what you want, *Hannibal* Lecter. Just try not to break skin."

In the morning, Hannibal was the first to awake. For a long moment, he just stared up at the ceiling. Then he looked to his left and saw Will Graham, who was asleep with his back to him.

Though he supposed the previous night was alright for Will, he had noticed that Will probably, at some point, had forgotten who he was with. This was given away when he started calling Hannibal "*Alana*."

As Hannibal started to get up to get dressed, Will awoke a little bit.

"*Alana*...?" He grumbled.

Hannibal looked back at him as he turned onto his other side, now facing his... erm, "partner."

"Open your eyes, Will. What do you see?"

Will opened his eyes slowly and looked Hannibal over until their eyes locked. "I see... Hannibal Lecter?"

Hannibal smiled. "Very good, Will."

Will frowned heavily upon making the discovery that he was not hallucinating at that particular moment.

Say Please

Chapter Summary

Will calls upon Alana for "help."

Alana Bloom had not received a phone call from Will Graham in several days. Hell, several *months*, for that matter. He hadn't actually called her since before he was sent to the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, even after being released.

Needless to say, seeing that he was calling her *now* made her feel such an onslaught of mixed emotions that she "forgot" (didn't want) to answer the phone.

Lucky (*?*) for her, after about 15 seconds, Will was calling again; whatever he had to say, he really needed to say it.

With a faint huff escaping her lips, Alana answered her cellphone.
"What is it, Will."

For a moment, she could hear only the sound of Will fumbling with the phone.

"... Will? Will, hey, I'm here. Hello?"

"Alana?"

"What's wrong?"

"*Huh*?"

"You sound *terrified*."

"Alana, listen to me," Will gasped, "I... I need... your help. I need *help*, Alana."

"Help... Help with what?"

"I need *help*."

"Help with *what*, Will?"

"Please, I... I think I'm... *slipping*, Alana. Hannibal's *got me* again, Alana...! And... And this time... our... *antlers*... they're... they're *stuck*, they're *melded into one*, *locked* together, and I can't *escape*...!"

"Will, relax and tell me what you're talking about. Where are you?"

"I'm *trapped*, Alana... I *fucked up* and now I'm *trapped*!"

"*Relax*, Will, and tell me where you are!"

Will paused. For a moment, both were silent, and then Will took a breath to speak, and...

"Who are you talking to, Will?"

Another voice on Will's end startled Alana into silence; even with how quiet it was, she knew that it was the voice of none other than Hannibal Lecter.

"... I'm speaking to Dr. Bloom, Dr. Lecter." Will replied to the distanced voice.

"May I get a word or two in with her if the conversation is not urgent?"

"Will, *no*," Alana sputtered frantically, "No, don't hand over the phone yet, Will."

"Uh... Could I just have a couple minutes?"

"Certainly, Will."

"*Alone*?"

"Pardon me."

There was another moment of silence.

"Alana, you're not safe there." Will finally said.

"What?"

"I'm going to sneak out of here, and I want you to meet me back at my place. Please, Alana, I'm begging you."

"I..."

"*Please*."

When Alana got into her car, intent on driving to Wolf Trap to save Will Graham, she placed her cellphone on the passenger seat and forgot to turn on the ringer.
Thus, she missed another (and substantially more important) call from Will, telling her something which would have destroyed Hannibal's plans on the spot had she heard it. Instead, the important message which Will could only say once was left on her voicemail, and would never be heard... at least, not by Dr. Alana Bloom.

Alana stopped the car in Will Graham's driveway and got out. Will was standing in the doorway of his front door, smiling at her as she approached.

"Thanks for coming..." He said in a solemn tone that betrayed his smile.

She stepped up onto the porch, standing a few feet away from the man she had come to visit.

"What can I do for you, Will?" She asked.

"Come closer."

Alana hesitated.

"What, you're not still scared of me... are you, Dr. Bloom?"

"*No*, I..."

"Then come closer."

"No, Will. I won't."

"Then *I* will."

Before Alana could entirely defend herself, Will had an arm around her and was hugging her tightly with it.

"... W-... Will..." She was stunned and put off-guard by this show of affection.

"*Alana*... *Why* did you... *God*, I..."

"*Will*...?"

Seconds later, Alana was cringing in crippling pain with Will, quivering wildly, sobbing quietly against her shoulder. When she looked down, she saw that Will had plunged a hunting knife deep into her stomach, and in response to this discovery, she let out a short whine of surprise and betrayal.

"Alana..." Will shook his head. "I *told* you... I told you to *stay away*...! So why... *Why* did you come here...?!"

Behind Will, Alana could see Hannibal Lecter approaching. He was making eye contact with her, and he had the faintest smile teasing his pale lips.

Will pulled away, causing Alana to stumble backwards, clutching her stomach. As her friend backed away, he bumped into Hannibal, who raised his left arm and stroked the side of Will's head, pulling him to rest it against his shoulder.

Her mind flooding with irrelevant things in delirium, Alana half-watched as Hannibal yanked Will's head back and placed a stainless steel knife against his throat.

"*No*..." She breathed in protest as she nearly fell back. But to her surprise, instead of slitting Will Graham's throat and soaking her wobbling body with his lifeblood, Hannibal lowered his face to Will's and kissed him.

Just as suddenly as he did that, the male psychologist released Will and walked past Alana, and before she had time to determine whether or not she'd just seen what she thought she saw, she felt Hannibal's knife against her throat.

"No... Dr. Lecter, you don't-"

Before Will could finish his plea, Hannibal tore open Alana's flesh and the female psychologist got to watch as her colleague's patient was showered by her arterial blood.

"Abigail," Will mumbled, a traumatized look on his face. "*Abigail*."

As Hannibal allowed Alana to collapse to the floor a sputtering, gushing mess, Will dropped to his knees and cupped his hands over the wound, staring into her eyes as he choked out hushed incoherent blabbles to the effect of "*Abigail*, *stay with me*."

And in that moment, in those eyes, Alana saw a part of Will that she rarely saw, but a part of *Will* and *not Hannibal* nevertheless. His eyes told a story, and that story was the image of Will surrounded by stags' antlers, alone and wounded in the dark, antlers sprouting out of his head and pouring blood down his distraught face. Everything almost seemed to be moving counter-clockwise like a broken clock.

Yes, that was it. Will's mind was like a broken clock. In her last thoughts, Alana simply prayed that someone would fix him before the hands stalled and madness took over completely.

Will Graham watched the life leave Alana Bloom's eyes and felt complete and utter grief overcome him.

"Alana...? *Alana*... Alana, wake up. *Alana*...! *Please*... *Please*, *wake up*, Alana...! *Please*...!"

"Will, she is dead." Hannibal said, as if trying to be helpful.

Will balled up his bloody fists and pressed them against his eyes, sobbing raggedly, brokenly through clenched teeth.

"Will."

"*What*..."

"We need to take care of the body."

It Should Be In Red

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal talk, but are interrupted.

"Will?" Hannibal Lecter called. He had left his vaguely disoriented patient alone in the building while he stored Alana Bloom's corpse in a temporary place to serve her later, and returned to the waiting room to find that his patient had wandered away.

A very brief search of the office returned the knowledge that Will Graham was on the upper platform of said office, curled up on the floor, sitting with his back to the side of one of Hannibal's black bookcases.

"There you are, Will. I was looking for you."

"I don't want to talk to you right now, Dr. Lecter."

Ignoring this, Hannibal headed for his desk. "You sound exhausted, Will."

Will didn't respond. He only rubbed his forehead.

"Will?" To gain his patient's attention, he shook a bottle of pills. When Will reluctantly looked over, he was thrown the bottle; his aspirin.

"Are you trying to drug me again, Dr. Lecter?" He asked in a sardonic way.

"Only if you carried something other than aspirin in that bottle." Hannibal replied as he pulled out a drawing pencil and resumed work on the sketch that lay on the desk before him.

Will, at that moment honestly not caring even if the drugs turned out to be cyanide, palmed two tablets and gulped them down dryly. Hannibal seemed to watch him do this from the corner of his eye with a strange fascination.

"What are you looking at?"

Hannibal paused for a moment. "I'm looking at a troubled young man who is covered from head to toe in blood and could probably use a shower. Come down here, Will."

Though clearly hesitant to obey, Will clambered down to the ground floor and walked toward Hannibal's desk as Hannibal himself headed for the door and gestured for his patient to follow.

Upon opening the door, however, Hannibal came to a stop so sudden that even Will had to look up at him.

"Oh... Jack. What a surprise. I was just about to leave," He said.

Will's breath caught in his throat as Jack apologized for arriving on such short notice, and as a reaction to this, he started looking around wildly for someplace to hide while praying that Hannibal would stall for at least just a moment...

The desk, he quickly realized, was really the only spot out of sight. As he rushed over, his eyes ended up running over the sketch that Hannibal had been working on...

... and despite the urgency of the situation, he stopped to get a better look at it.

On the desk was a rough, unfinished sketch of Will Graham.

Hannibal was *drawing* him.

When Hannibal finally allowed Jack Crawford to enter (after apologizing for being rude and not inviting him in sooner), all seemed normal.

"Please, Jack. Have a seat." He sat down, however, Jack remained standing.

"No, thanks, Doctor. I won't be staying long." He said.

"Oh, no, Jack. I insist. Please, *sit*."

"Alright..." Jack sat on the chair across from Hannibal.

"Now... What's on your mind, Jack?"

"I'll get right to the point. I got a call not too long ago from Will. The signal was traced back to a cellphone tower in Wolf Trap."

Hannibal knew where this was going, and he already didn't like it one bit.

This was *bad*.

"When I got to Will's farm... There was blood all over the front porch."

"Did you find out whose it was?"

"No, I haven't even reported it yet."

"Why not?"

"I want to ask Will about it first."

"Then why haven't you, Jack?"

Jack sat up and leaned forward a tad, his hands locked between his knees. "Because Will is nowhere to be found. I was sort of hoping that you would know where he was."

Hannibal shook his head. "I apologize, Jack. I do not."

"Well, that's a shame. If you'll excuse me, then, Doctor." With a respectful nod, Jack Crawford promptly left Hannibal's office.

After a short moment, Hannibal said, "He's left now, Will. You can come out."

Will stood up slowly. "What are we going to do, Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal couldn't help but smile at Will's subconscious usage of the term "*we*."

Good Night, Will Graham

Chapter Summary

Jack sneaks into Hannibal's kitchen with a plan, but Will doesn't plan to let it run smoothly.

Jack Crawford "sneaked" into Hannibal Lecter's house. He didn't have a warrant, but he knew he couldn't get one, and he also knew that he had to find evidence to pin Lecter to a wall, regardless of the costs. Plus, he had reason to believe that Will Graham was in danger and that Hannibal had something to do with it.

When Jack walked into the kitchen, he found Hannibal dicing up meat with a steel knife.

"Hello, Jack... You're early." Hannibal said nonchalantly as he placed the knife down horizontally across a bowl of salad.

Jack gestured with his head at the meat. "Any chance you could tell me where that meat came from?"

"It came from a fish that was great at catching humans." Hannibal replied, twisting words that Will had likely said to Jack to fit his own design.

Jack understood what Hannibal was saying and reached to his holster to whip out his gun and avenge Will Graham, but then he stopped when he felt someone place the barrel of a different gun against his temple.

"I wouldn't do that if I were *you*, Jack." Will Graham himself said, standing beside Jack and still covered in blood from his final encounter with Alana Bloom. "Now put your hands up."

Jack cautiously raised his hands, watching a smile spread across Hannibal's mouth.
"Where is the meat *really* from, Will?" He asked calmly.

"It's from Abigail Hobbs." Will answered with a delirious degree of certainty.

"It's from Dr. Alana Bloom," Hannibal corrected him.

"You killed Dr. Bloom?" Jack asked.

"Using Will as the bait, yes. Will seems to make a very useful bait, wouldn't you say? He brought me Alana, and now he's brought me *you*, Jack."

Jack looked at Will, who tilted his head down in shame, out of the corner of his eye.

"I'm *sorry*, Jack..." He said.

"Have you been bait this whole time?" Jack questioned.

"In a way, yes. But in his defense, he only just realized that yesterday night." Hannibal answered for his "bait."

"What happened last night?" Jack asked Hannibal, mainly just to stall for time.

In response to this question, Hannibal stared at Will, who didn't entirely understand the gesture.

"What?" He asked.

"Tell Jack what happened, Will."

Will, with Jack watching him, felt under pressure with both pairs of eyes on him, and so he ended up bursting into a fit of uncontrollable nervous laughter. He placed the back of the hand in which he held the gun against his mouth intentionally, letting Jack out of gunpoint.

Noticing this, Jack reached for his gun, and Hannibal reached for the knife.
As the two of them fought wildly, Will backed out of the room laughing hysterically before he finally slumped to the floor in the doorway and allowed himself to lay down on his back there, still laughing maniacally.

It wasn't long before Jack had his tie wrapped around Hannibal's throat and was choking him to death with it. He pulled against the ends of it tightly, Hannibal unable to escape, and as Hannibal fell limp in an unconscious state, he turned his head and looked at Will.

Will was now sitting up, watching with a mad look in his eyes, aiming his gun at Hannibal.
He pulled the trigger, to which the gun spat out a pitiful "*click.*"
He gasped, "*Jack*."

No more than two seconds later, Jack Crawford had a shard of glass stabbed into his neck, right through an artery, and he had to release Hannibal, lest the rest of his neck be ripped open. Taking his tie with him, he stumbled into the pantry, slamming the door behind him as Hannibal stood.

Grabbing two knives from the holder on the counter, Hannibal started ramming himself into the door to get to Jack.

"Dr. Lecter," Will spoke in a quiet voice, his throat hurting from laughing so much so abruptly.

Hannibal slammed into the door once more.

"Dr. Lecter."

Slam.

"*Dr. Lecter*!"

Slam.

"*Hannibal*!"

Hannibal stopped and turned to Will, looking about as much a mess as Will did in that moment.
"Yes, Will?"

"Just stop. Please, just... just stop. You've *killed* him, Hannibal. There's no point in finishing him off... He'll bleed out on his own. Just please, *stop*."

Hannibal looked Will over as if trying to determine whether or not he was worthy to make such demands.

"*Please*, Dr. Lecter... You've already killed everyone I've ever been able to rely on, everyone I've ever loved. Please stop, or else..."

"Or else what, Will?"

"Or else..." He couldn't think clearly enough to figure out what Hannibal would fear. He wasn't even sure if Hannibal feared anything.
In defeat, he hung his head. "I should've killed you when I had the chance..."

"You can't kill a kindred spirit, Will. Killing me would be like killing a part of yourself."

Will glared at him. "I want you *dead*, Dr. Lecter. I want to *bathe in your blood*. I just don't think I have the guts to be the one to spill it..."

"That's because you're afraid, Will. But you aren't a coward." Hannibal said, "You use fear to your advantage. I really do *admire* that about you, Will."

"I'm going to *kill* you." Will snarled.

"If it might make you feel at all better, by all means, try all you like."

Will stood and ripped the last knife from the holder on the counter as Hannibal calmly placed the two he held into the sink to his right.

For a moment, both of them were still, not counting the way Will eagerly spun the knife around in his grip.

His hands behind his back and chest pushed forward, Hannibal soon patiently asked, "Why are you hesitating? You do want to do this, don't you?"

"Oh, more than *anything*," Will answered in an excited way. He then lunged forward and grabbed Hannibal's displaced bangs, holding his head up, and placed the sharp edge of the knife against the taller man's throat, staring up at him, looking him right in the eyes.

Again, for a long moment, both remained as frozen as two statues.

"I..." Will breathed, his brow furrowing, eyes watering, and voice breaking. "I *can't*... Why can't I *kill you*...?"

Hannibal, returning Will's gaze with not even a slight trace of fear, replied, "Because you're not a killer, Will."

Will dropped the knife, which fell to the floor and stabbed into the wood in-between Hannibal's feet. In sync with it, Hannibal picked up a knife from the sink and sunk it into Will's stomach.

Stunned by the sudden turn of events, Will made a gagging noise and placed his hand over Hannibal's in a vain attempt to make sure he hadn't just been stabbed by the person he had spared moments before.

"Honestly, I've wanted to do this for a while, as well." Hannibal said as he twist the knife, causing Will to buck in pain; in response to this movement, Hannibal released the handle of the knife and pulled Will close, kissing him yet again.

Surprisingly, though maybe caused by some sort of subconscious reflex or delirium, Will raised his now-freshly-blood-covered hands to Hannibal's face, getting blood all over him but still returning the kiss, causing Hannibal to smile again as he did.

Shortly after, Will's hands dropped, and the rest of his body fell slack against Hannibal's.

The clock's hands had stalled.

A flight attendant wandered purposefully down the aisle of an airplane, carrying a tray of drinks.
"Champagne? Jus d'orange? Eau?" She repeated as she walked.

Suddenly, a hand came up beside her, and she looked down at the man who beckoned for her.

"Je vais prendre un verre de champagne, s'il vous plaît." He said. He wore a fancy suit, and in the window seat beside him, asleep with his head against the suited man's shoulder, was a sickly-looking guy with messy brown hair.

She handed the man his champagne, and then she asked, "Voulez-vous un oreiller pour lui, monsieur?"

"Non, merci. Je suis bien avec lui comme ça."

"D'accord, monsieur."
She decided to move on at that point, and when she turned to serve the other row, she noticed out of the corner of her eye that the suited man was now resting his head lovingly against the head of the pale, messy-haired man asleep in the window seat beside him. On the floor beside him, she saw that he had dropped a paper.

After placing the tray down on the cart for the moment, she walked over and picked up the paper. "Monsieur, vous avez fait tomber..."
Though she meant to hand it back on the spot, she found herself staring at it.

In her hands now was an amazing, finished pencil drawing of the man in the window seat, with a cursive signature on the bottom right corner that read, "*Hannibal Lecter*".

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